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1918



THIRTY RHYMES

BY

JACK M. HARRINGTON



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TO
L. E. J.
THESE
FOR REMEMBRANCE



INTRODUCTION

These rhymes had their origin, for the most part, in the Irish Rebellion of Easter week, 1916. The heroic deeds performed by many of the participants and the unselfish and patriotic motives which moved these noble souls to grasp the sword in freedom's holy cause fired the imagination of our author with the same spirit that imbued Pearse, McDonough, Plunket, Kent, Casement and a host of others. Their publication is largely due to Mr. James Moore Stack of Philadelphia, a schoolmate of the author and himself a brother of one victim of the Rebellion, Austin Stack.

The rhymes were written in Chicago, publication arranged for in Philadelphia and printed in Fort Worth, Texas—a shamrock of ideas. This introduction was written on June 5th, a date full of memories for all Americans. Each of the three persons responsible for this publication registered for military service on that date. Ere this book of rhymes is out of the press the career of all three will no doubt have vastly changed. Let us hope Providence will spare the author for further efforts in poesy when the sword which has now been drawn in defense of American and Irish ideals will have been sheathed in glory.

DONAL O'CONNOR.

Fort Worth, June 5, 1917.



Rhyme The First

Methinks a weary star
From some far sky
Found a velvet couch
In Thine eye.
And finding slumber
There so sweet, it seems,
Has never cared to waken
From its dreams.

Methinks a slender reed
From some pond pale,
Where Pan at twilight danced
Adown the dale,
Took root and grew anew
In Thy frail throat
And thrills and fills me now
With its note.

Rhyme The Second

Rose! Rose!

Does the timid breeze that blows
From out the tropic south
Ever kiss you on the mouth
And say, I love you so
And as I blow and go
Wooded hills to roam
I shall call your heart my home;
Does it, Rose?

Rose! Rose!

Does the mellow rain that sows
Silver tears upon your cheek
Ever sadly speak
Of a love that has no part
Or no corner of its heart,
Or does it sigh and moan
For the warmth and bliss of home;
Does it, Rose?

Rhyme The Third

Love! Love! let us wander far,
 Where the silken harebells are.
Let us wander, hand in hand,
 Over broad and emerald land,
Thinking as we go
 That the fragrant breezes blow
For us alone.

Love, Love! let us listen to the notes
 Of the skylark as he floats
Unseen through the haze
 That girds the hilly ways
Thinking he is there
 With his song to ensnare
Our souls alone.

Rhyme The Fourth

Dear friend of youthful yesterday, oft
Do I find my thoughts turning to where Thou art.
And oft do I find a longing to see Thee
Creeping into my heart.
Full well I know the first hand to kindle
The fire of passion in me was Thine;
Just as Thy spirit first held
A soothing influence over mine.
It was Thee, and Thee alone, nursed into life
All that is good in my soul;
And of budding life and hope and ambition
Thou wer't the whole.
Thou wer't all; love, friendship, joy
And sorrow to me.
Now, when I dream of heaven,
It is but to dream of Thee.

Rhyme The Fifth

I never knew it was true
That Angels came to earth
From God's own throne to fill the home
Of man with joy and mirth.
I never knew it was true
They had such charms divine;
Until I saw, with longing awe,
Your eyes look into mine.

I never knew it was true
That Angels from above
Could steal away, without dismay,
A lowly mortal's love.
I never knew it was true
They could be so unkind,
To rob a heart of its richest part
And leave the heart behind.

Rhyme The Sixth

I would not like Thee to a rose—
A rose is vain and proud
And flings its fragrance to the breeze
So it may sing its praises loud.

I would like Thee to a violet;
A violet hides its head
And blushing still breathes a smile
Tho' all its fragrance sweet is fled.

Rhyme The Seventh

When you sing I feel
The world and all its woes fading from view
Until nothing is left
But one clear vision of you.
I see you stand
On the threshold of a wondrous land;
Where Angels flit to
And fro upon the velvet sod;
That stretches onward and above
To the mystic Throne of God,
To God, because my God is Love.

Rhyme The Eighth

Sunset; and dreams
 Beloved of Thee
Clinging to each breeze
 That kisses me.

Twilight; and shadows
 Lingering as they pass
To picture Thy fair face
 Upon the grass.

Night-time; and stars
 Longing to rejoice
At the first sweet echo
 Of Thy voice.

Rhyme The Ninth

Far on Kilkenny's sacred plain,
Where memory dwells on men who strove
To free their country from its chains,
They've made a grave for one I love.

And sweet it is for her to sleep
With shamrock pillowed o'er her head.
The sorrow is for us who mourn
In loneliness since she is fled.

The fairies with a nimble foot
Will dance and gambol thro' each grove,
But never will they break the sleep
Nor mar the rest of one I love.

To Thee, Oh, Ireland! famished land
Of sterile hope and pregnant pain.
My thoughts will turn to be with her,
And wandering will turn back again.

For friendship has a soul that lives
Beyond the tomb, beyond the years.
A soul from which all erring sins
Are washed away by sorrow's tears.

Rhyme The Tenth

It was June time and
 The roses had begun
To nod their perfumed heads
 In honor of the summer sun.
I plucked one and held it to my lips
 To enhale its fragrance—
But alas! a thorn on its stem
 Pierced my cheek like a lance.

Rhyme The Eleventh

Through the long, long night
By the bright fire's light
I sit and dream away
The hours as they unfold;
Mid spirits in numbers untold
Whose voices seem to say:
An exile, an exile, for evermore,
You can never go back
To love's golden shore.
So make up your mind
To fret and pine
Life away for the land
You have left behind;
It is gone—
It is gone for evermore.

Rhyme The Twelfth

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

And some men rave in wrathful strain
That life is love or else a bore;
They crush the grape to drink the wine
And drinking fain would thirst no more.

Other mortals poor in gain
Of thoughts that elevate the mind,
Would have us know that ere love goes
It leaves its kin—regret—behind.

It is not so, for love is kind,
And lingers with us through the years;
And as the rose with summer dew
Is freshened by our lonely tears.

For hearts that grieve are hearts that love
In every land from sea to sea;
And when love comes it bears the torch
That lights us through eternity.

Rhyme The Thirteenth

If all the world were a garden,
And each maiden a rosebud fair,
If I had nought to do with life
But pass it in solitude there;

I'd seek out where you bloomed
And 'neath that favored bower,
I'd lay me down to dream of you
Each new and fleeting hour.

Rhyme The Fourteenth

I bring you a flower;
Not a garland, but one;
A rose whose sweet petals
Reflect the tints of the setting sun.
I ask you to keep it always
And let its fragrance be shed
In bringing dreams of hours
That still are sweet tho' fled.

Rhyme The Fifteenth

I wish you more of happiness
Into each day sown;
More of health, more of wealth,
Than I have ever known.
I wish you a depth of joy and power
That still remain unwon,
On fair Olympia's fabled vales,
By Rhea's Godly Son.
But what could I wish you,
On this your wedding day,
Better than your heart may be
Filled with love alway?
Love for honor, love for truth,
Love for each kindly gift of Fate;
Love for friendship, love for home,
Love for everything but hate.

Rhyme The Sixteenth

Fair Kathleen-Ni-Houlihan,
 Shrill from oppression's pain,
Thy voice rang out across the hills
 And men reached for the sword again;
To still the cry that pierced their hearts
 And reached to God's own throne;
Tho' rust of years had dulled the blade
 They struck deep for love and home.
An hundred and twelve years had fled
 Since Emmet gladly gave
His life, his love and cherished hopes;
 All! for a martyr's grave.
An hundred years and twelve, Kathleen,
 But still his hallowed fame
Inspired thy brave stalwart sons
 To die for thy fair name.
And who shall call the cause unjust
 Or say that they have died in vain!
They tore the mask from inward strife
 And waked a land to deeds again.
For he who dreams of freedom's crown
 Must win it by his sword and hand;
And by our deeds alone shall we
 Make thee a free and happy land.

Rhyme The Seventeenth

AUSTIN STACK

Dark is the way and winding is the path
Which you must tread.
A trail bedewed by the blood
Of clansmen dead
Upon the battlefield or gallows tree;
But they will hold
A light aloft so you may be
Guided when your footsteps falter
On the sunless path
That leads to freedom's sacred altar.
Dark is the way and lonely is the road;
For none but those of courage bold
May win, and hold,
The white robed bride who waits
At the guarded gates
Of Liberty or Death.

TO PEARSE

Falsehood, ridicule, derision must sink
Their poisoned blades
Into the new born heart of all great movements
That are to sway the destiny of a nation
Or a people. And from the gaping wounds
Gush forth little streams of blood
That give life to stronger emotions;
Emotions that sweep onward
To consummation and success.
So, Pearse, it is with you.
The weakling, the fool and slave of custom
Today call you mad. The paid patriot,
Hungry only for vain glory,
And licking clean the hand
Stained with his brother's blood;
Scorns your deeds as wrecking only
Hopes of freedom. But tomorrow;
When men understand, and the world
Is richer for your being and your death,
When the cassock and the hireling
Have fled the Isle that gave you birth;
Posterity will link your name
With that of Lincoln.
The battles of your race have been fought
And won by alien shores
For stranger people. Few of Irene's sons
Sobbed out their bitter lives
Upon the soil dear to their hearts;
And even then they died, as Lincoln and Emmet
died,
Not for their own kin or for a selfish cause,
But for humanity. That men may be free.
Knowing nought of self but denial
And nought but fulfillment
Of the higher ideals that inspired you,
You struck for freedom, failed, and died,
But Christ, Himself, welcomed you with pride.

Rhyme The Nineteenth

I hear a call at dawning
 From the woods that guard the sea;
It wakes the dreaming dewdrops
 As it wings its way to me.
With throbbing heart I greet it;
 Ah! 'tis the voice of Thee
That calls to me at dawning
 From the woods that guard the sea.

I see a star at evening
 O'er the woods that guard the sea;
Its smiles of tender kindness
 Shed realms of ecstasy.
With rapture I behold it;
 Ah! 'tis the soul of Thee
That smiles to me at evening
 O'er the woods that guard the sea.

Rhyme The Twentieth

They wandered away to a garden
Where roses bloomed fresh and fair;
He culled a bud from its drooping stem
And wove it into her hair.
She heard him tell the olden tale,
So old, and yet so new,
And the God of love beamed bright with joy;
Beamed on the happy two.

They wandered away to a garden
Where marble slabs gleamed bright;
On a tiny grave 'neath a pine tree's shade
They planted a lily white.
The pent up tears of sorrowing years
Broke from each anguished soul,
And the God of love beamed bright with joy,
Beamed and collected his toll.

Rhyme The Twenty-First

As friends, as lovers,
Hand in hand we could go through life.
Bound in affection
We could face each strife,
Knowing well our aims would not decay
Because love would lead
And light the darkened way.
As friends, as lovers,
The scorn of the world would be as nought
Compared to the joys that love had brought.
As friends, as lovers;
In our hearts a holy voice would chime
Telling each, "Thou art mine,"
And whispering back the answer, "I am thine."

Rhyme The Twenty-Second

Just a little faded rose
 That holds a blissful memorie
Of one who, every angel knows,
 Is dearer than the world to me.
Just a little faded rose,
 The fragrance from its petals fled,
Which while I kiss it tenderly
 Brings wishes I were dead.

Rhyme The Twenty-Third

I had a rose that bloomed
 In bright array;
Through summer's glow and
 Autumn's bronzed wane;
Till winter's frost unwound
 Its chilling lash
And with one blow cleft its
 Heart in twain.
And lo! within that symbol'd
 Shrine of love,
Petaled safe from every breath
 But truth,
I found a pearl and knew
 It could but be
The kiss that you had left there
 In its youth.

Rhyme The Twenty-Fourth

A little pink rose
That slowly grew,
Where the air was clear
And the sky was blue,
From a tiny bud
To majestic bloom,
Was plucked one day
By a girl for her room.
The little pink rose
Lay snug and still
In a painted vase
On the window sill;
And often cooed in rose-like glee,
Oh! how thankful I should be
To the Fate that has
Showered its bliss on me,
And taken me far
From the rain and wind
And leaving me here
Where I may find
The kiss of a girl
On my neck at dawn
Instead of the dew
Of a summer morn'.
Her cooling breath
On my brow all day
Instead of the
White sun's scorching ray.
But the little pink rose
That slowly grew,
Where the air was clear
And the sky was blue,
Was quick to sicken
And quicker to die
When the girl's first kiss
Was a poisoned lie.

Rhyme The Twenty-Fifth

I stood alone in the still dawn
Beside the casket of a dead boy,
A boy whose youth had been woven
Into my manhood.
I had known the laughter and the joy
That filled his life. He was my friend.
I laid my hand on the cold brow,
Seeking to understand why
Death should send
Its never erring messenger into the heart
That had known no part
Of life but youth and truth.
And fancy spoke with fatted breath,
Beauty is the soul of death.

Rhyme The Twenty-Sixth

Goodbye.
And sweeter
It would be to say
Goodbye
To the world
And die
Than say goodbye to thee.
Sweeter far
'Twould be
To die
Than linger
Through the years
Of sighs and tears
That dreams
Of thee
Will weave for me.
Ah! sweeter love
'Twould be
Indeed
To die
Whilst thou wer't nigh,
Knowing thou wouldst
Come here
To shed a tear
Of sorrow
On my bier.
Sweeter far to die,
I say,
Than stay
Alone,
Bereft of thee,
My own,
Goodbye.

Rhyme The Twenty-Seventh

TO MY MOTHER

If I could live a thousand lives,
Each life a thousand years,
And if each day my soul would breathe
A thousand smiles and tears,
They'd be as nought compared to those
I've seen thee give for me.
Nor could I love in all my lives
As I am loved by thee.

Rhyme The Twenty-Eighth

So here, good friend, is where we part,
Moist of eye
But stout of heart,

Our trails divide.

Take you the way that knows the bliss
Of home and wife
And happiness,

Where dreams and love abide.

And mine the way that lead to deed,
Where courage thrills
And brave hearts bleed,

Where love awaits no man.

Where I'll meet death on gory bed
By some poet patriot
Wildly led

Into the battle's van.

Rhyme The Twenty-Ninth

TO MOORE

The harp, which you in
 Darkness found,
Stole back to rest
 When nature stilled
The hands that sweeping
 O'er its chords
The heart of prince
 And layman thrilled;
But our firesides
 Are sacred shrines
Where your loved spirit
 Lingers yet
To warble melodies
 That we
Once hearing never
 Can forget.

Rhyme The Thirtieth

You have young and soft
 White arms
And nectar from your lips
 I'd sip;
She has but a wrinkled
 Hand
And parched will be her
 Bridal lip.

You are loveliness com-
Bined
With every virtue God
Can send;
That soul if taking flight
From you
Would to an Angel beauty
Lend.

A million men have marched
For her
With eyes aflame and courage
True;
A million men have died
For her,
And no man died for
You.

Her breath is in the moaning
Breeze,
Her blood is in the swaying
Corn.
Her tears are on the hillsides
Bare,

Her eyes are in the stars
New born.

You would press me to your
Heart
And incense me with scented
Breath;
She will but grip me by the
Hand
And lead me on through pain
To death.

But here today I take the
Vow
To pass you by and take
For bride
The withered form and furrowed
Face,
Whate'er befall, whate'er
Betide.











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